

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

The Playhouse Problem

“Mama, can I have the old garden shed for a playhouse?” Rosie asked one spring morning. “I want to fix it up really nice and plant flowers around it.”

“That sounds like a lovely plan, Rosie dear,” Mom said, “but you had better check with Dad.” The boys had been helping Dad put up a new metal shed, and Dad said she could have the old one when all the tools were moved out. Rosie was delighted. She began to plan how she would fix it up right away.

The playhouse idea had come to her when the Larsons moved in next door. Lexie Larson was a spoiled little girl, just about Emma’s age, and she wasn’t very careful. In five minutes she had ruined the play store that the girls had set up in the living room.

“Lexie doesn’t know how to play nicely, but we must still be kind,” Mom had said. “If she comes again we must find some different toys for her to play with.”

“Now we can have a playhouse where Lexie won’t come and mess it up,” Rosie told Emma as they looked inside the shed. Two wooden shelves crossed one side and a couple knot holes in the back let in some light.

“What are you going to put in here?” Emma asked.

“Our little table and chairs will fit over here,” Rosie said, standing in one corner. “And if we clean up the shelves, we can have them for a bed and put our dolls on them.”

“And our doll dishes?” asked Emma

“Let’s put those on the top shelf. It can be the kitchen shelf, because only the Mom can do the cooking and it is high up,” suggested Rosie.

All afternoon Rosie worked on cleaning out the shed and setting up the playhouse. Mom had an old floor mat that she could use, and Daniel offered to make the bottom shelf wider for “a real bed.” At last the little house was complete and even Irene said it looked quite nice.

“I can make a mattress for your bed,” she offered.

“Oh, that would be nice! Thank you, Irene,” said Rosie.
“Now, I just wish that there was a door.”



"I could tack up a sheet," said Irene. Rosie agreed that it would be better than nothing, but she still felt uneasy. A sheet wouldn't keep out a nosy little 4-year-old like Lexie.

The trouble started the following week when Rosie came back from her piano lessons. "Emma, do you want to play in my new house?" Rosie asked. Emma grabbed her dolls and followed Rosie out to the playhouse. But something was wrong. A chair were knocked over and the mattress had dirt on it.

"Did Lexie come in here?" Rosie asked in dismay, remembering that Irene had babysat the little girl that morning.

"I told her she couldn't come in, but she did," Emma sniffed.

"Why were you playing in it?" Rosie asked sharply. She didn't mean to sound angry, but she was upset that someone had let Lexie in.

"I w-wanted to pl-play in it n-nicely," Emma stammered, looking at the rug.

"Well, you had better not play in it unless I'm here," Rosie said with a frown. "Remember, we want to keep this playhouse nice and pretty." She set up the chair again and brushed off the dirt. "At least we can play house now," she said more cheerfully. "We need some blankets for our bed and maybe Mom will let us have some cookies and milk."

"I'll go ask!" Emma offered and ran to the house.

Rosie was sweeping off the rug with her little broom when she thought she heard a noise by the fence. She looked up just in time to see Lexie disappear through the hedge in the Larson's yard. "That little rascal! She was watching us," Rosie muttered to herself. "I wish she never would come over here again." *Remember, God wants you to love her, even if she doesn't play nicely,* a small voice whispered. "I'll

A VIEW FROM THE TOWER

Resist Not Evil

When others hurt us, we naturally feel like hurting them right back. We *resist*, or fight back against the evil that they are doing to us. If someone slaps you then you want to call them names or slap them back. But does that help? What does Jesus say about revenge?

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." - Matthew 6:38,39 Think about these words for a moment. To "resist not evil" means to *not* have a "I'll get you back" attitude. Instead, you will allow someone else to hurt you *again*. Does that seem impossible? It is impossible without God's love in your heart.

Do you want to be a prince or princess – or a ruffian in the street? You see, it is a low thing to scratch or bark back. That is what cats and dogs do. The Lord Jesus calls us to a higher way, the way He lived. He didn't resist evil that others did to Him, did He? No, because God's love in His heart lifted Him higher. Any child can kick the mean boy that tripped them, but very few can get up with a smile and continue on their way. It takes more courage and honor to love back than to fight back.

But what about all the mean people getting away with things? Shouldn't they be punished? Oh, yes – and that is the secret of it all. God *will repay every evil deed done*. It is a sure thing, and when you think of how horrible it will be for the wicked when they die, your little kicks don't seem like much. How much better to love people and hope they will change while we have a chance! It is the heavenly way. Will you take it?

be nice, but she just can't play in here," Rosie said aloud.

The girls were just setting out their cookies and milk when Mom called them to come inside. "We will have to come back and finish later," Rosie told Emma. Then she looked around. Was there any way to block the door better, just in case Lexie came without being invited? She grabbed a big board that was lying on the grass and leaned it across the doorway before following her little sister to the house.

"Grandpa called and said he would be stopping by in fifteen minutes," Mom told the girls. "I need you both to clean up the living room." Rosie sighed as she surveyed the Legos and train cars all over the carpet, with Kyle in the middle of it. Usually he didn't make such a mess. Was it Lexie again? *Why can't people teach their children to clean up?* Rosie grumbled to herself as she began gathering up the Legos.

Grandpa stayed through supper and Rosie forgot all about the tea party in the playhouse until Emma mentioned it the next afternoon.

"Let's go and eat it now," Rosie said quickly. A strange feeling came into her middle when they came in sight of the playhouse. The board in front was knocked over.

Emma pushed aside the curtain and stopped short. Rosie looked over her head and gasped. There sat Lexie eating at their table! She stuffed the rest of a cookie in her mouth when she saw them and glared. Rosie glared back. Dollies and blankets were lying all over the carpet and the bed had fallen in. It was a horrible mess. Emma reached down and picked up her doll, brushing crumbs out of its hair.

"What are you doing in



our playhouse?" Rosie asked coldly. Her throat felt tight and her hands wanted to grab Lexie and pull her hair. But she didn't.

"I just wanted to play here," Lexie said loudly, tossing her head. "My mom said I can come. I like eating cookies in here." She stood up and reached for the cookie dish on the shelf, but Rosie pushed it out of her reach.

"You're mean!" Lexie screeched, and slapped Rosie on the arm. Rosie wanted to slap her right back, but she knew that she mustn't. That wouldn't be right. *Oh, what can I do? How can I be nice to Lexie when she is so mean?* Rosie wondered as she bit her lip to hold back the tears.

Lexie was throwing such a fit that Irene came running. "What's the matter? I could hear you clear from the house!" She said, looking at the fallen bed and the girls' upset faces.

Lexie stopped howling and said, "I wanna cookie and she won't give me it!"

"Well," Irene said slowly. "I guess you haven't learned the secret code yet." She looked at Rosie and winked. *The politeness code*, Rosie thought. *Lexie needs to learn how to behave before she can ever play here.*

Suddenly Rosie had an idea. "That's right, Lexie. If you know the secret code you can come in and play house with us *nicely*."

"What code?" Lexie demanded.

"Maybe you should go to the house with Irene so she can tell it to you,"

Rosie said. Irene held out her hand and Lexie went outside.

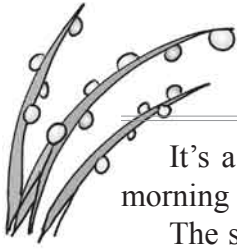
"It starts with being really quiet," Rosie heard Irene whisper.

"OK," Lexie whispered loudly.

Rosie smiled at Emma. "We can fix it all up again while they are gone," she said.



Dew on the Grass



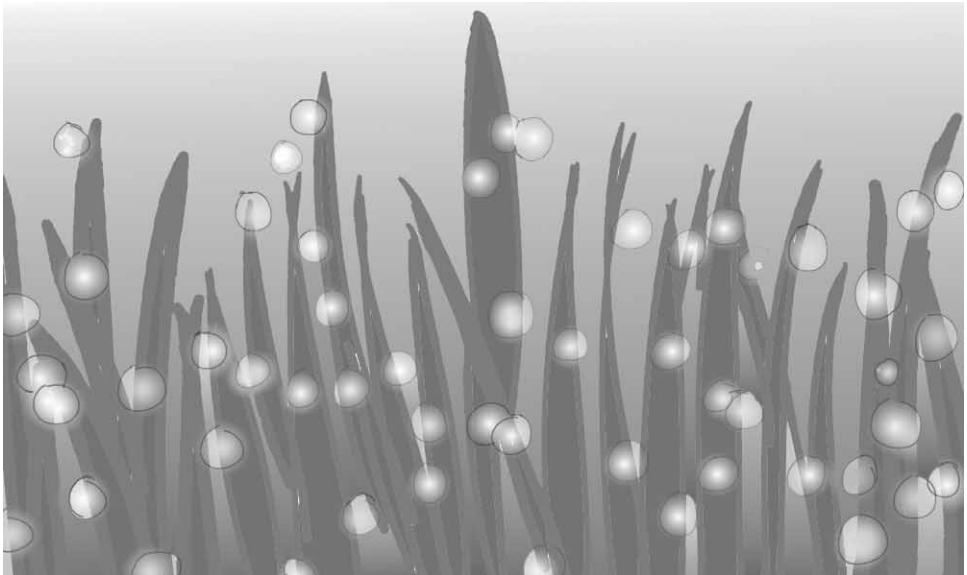
It's a beautiful spring morning. Come outside with me to enjoy an early morning walk through the fields! Get your boots, because the grass is wet.

The sun sparkles on the grass, shining in each dew drop. Why is the grass wet when the sky is so blue and there is not a cloud to be seen? How did the dew come? Let's look closely at the grass. Each little dew drop is formed in a special way. The warm spring air was filled with invisible water drops called *vapor*, and when it touched the cool grass last night it *condensed* back into water. Have you noticed how a cold glass will feel wet on the outside on a warm day? It is the same thing. Warm air touches the cold surface and drops its load of water, leaving dew drops. Isn't it beautiful? Now the grass blades will have a morning drink before the sun dries them out again.

I know of a wonderful lesson to learn from the dew. Jesus means for *our lives* to be like the warm air, filled with his love and kindness. When we meet up with a cold heart, we can drop a blessing on them, like little dew drops. God wants His people to be like "a dew from the LORD" it says in Micah 5:7. How about you? Are you filled up with good things from Jesus, ready to give out to anyone in trouble and need? Are you ready to love the selfish, sad people you meet and give them a smile or a helping hand? I hope so! Jesus wants you to live a life that blesses those around you.



How many dew drops can you count in the grass?



In the King's Garden



Gem
a col

Here's what's cookin:



“Grandpa, why doesn’t God make Mama well?” Edward asked. “We pray and pray and nothing happens. Does God hear us?”

his grandchildren. “Sometimes we need to learn better how to ask,” he said. “Shall I tell you a story?” the children nodded, and so Grandpa began

Grandpa looked thoughtfully at

Asking for Crumbs

There once was a Syrophenician girl that was in great trouble. Evil thoughts filled her mind and made her life so dark and miserable that her mother didn’t know what to do with her. So the poor woman went searching for help, but all was in vain. No one could cure a devil-possessed girl.

One day she heard of Jesus, a healer from Judah that was coming through their area. But could this man help her daughter? Was there any power stronger than the devil’s? “Oh yes! He has such power that he can even cast out devils,” someone said.

“I must speak to him,” the mother decided. “This man’s power must be the greatest there is.” She left her house and quickly joined the crowds that followed the healer. “They call him the Son of David and a prophet of God. He is an important man, but surely he will show mercy to my poor daughter,” she told herself. But no matter how earnestly she cried after him, Jesus never answered her at all. What a terrible disappointment!

“I can’t give up now,” the poor mother said to herself. “If I have to beg all day, I will, because he is my only hope.” As she pressed in closer, she could hear the man’s followers complaining about the racket she was making. What did Jesus tell them? It didn’t matter, because now she was close enough to kneel before him. “Lord, help me,” she prayed, looking up at the one who had the power to make her daughter well.

His answer seemed quite rude. “It’s not right for me to throw the children’s bread to the dogs,” he said. She knew what he meant. He had more worthy people than her to help. She was just a poor Syrophenician woman, and he was a man of God.

“That is true, Lord,” she said, humbly, “but even dogs eat crumbs that fall off of their masters’ table.” It was all she could really ask for. But she wanted those crumbs.

Suddenly a smile broke across Jesus’ face. “O woman, you have great faith,” he said. “You shall have what you want.” Her daughter made well and happy once more? Tears of joy filled the mother’s eyes as she thanked him and hurried home. And do you not believe that her daughter was well from that day on?

The children nodded. “But why did Jesus ignore her at first?” Alice asked. “I thought it wasn’t right to ignore people.”

Grandpa smiled. “And to call her a dog?” he asked.

“That’s mean!” Edward exclaimed.

“Doesn’t Daddy sometimes say that you gobble like a turkey?” Grandpa asked. Edward nodded slowly. “Why do you suppose he says that?”

“Because I’m eating too fast.”

“Maybe Jesus was trying to teach this woman something, too,” said Grandpa.

“Maybe He didn’t answer because she was kind of proud,” Alice suggested.

“Maybe at first,” Grandpa agreed, “but she wasn’t proud by the time she asked for the crumbs, was she?”

“Why did she want crumbs?” asked Edward. “I don’t get it.”

“When she asked Jesus to help her, He said He couldn’t toss the children’s bread to the dogs. That meant that God had sent

Him to help the people of Israel, not her people,” explained Grandpa. “It was like the neighbor boy coming over and asking your mom for clothes, and she says that she buys clothes for her own children, not for everyone. But then the neighbor boy says, ‘but if you have something you don’t need any more, could I have it?’ What would she say then?”

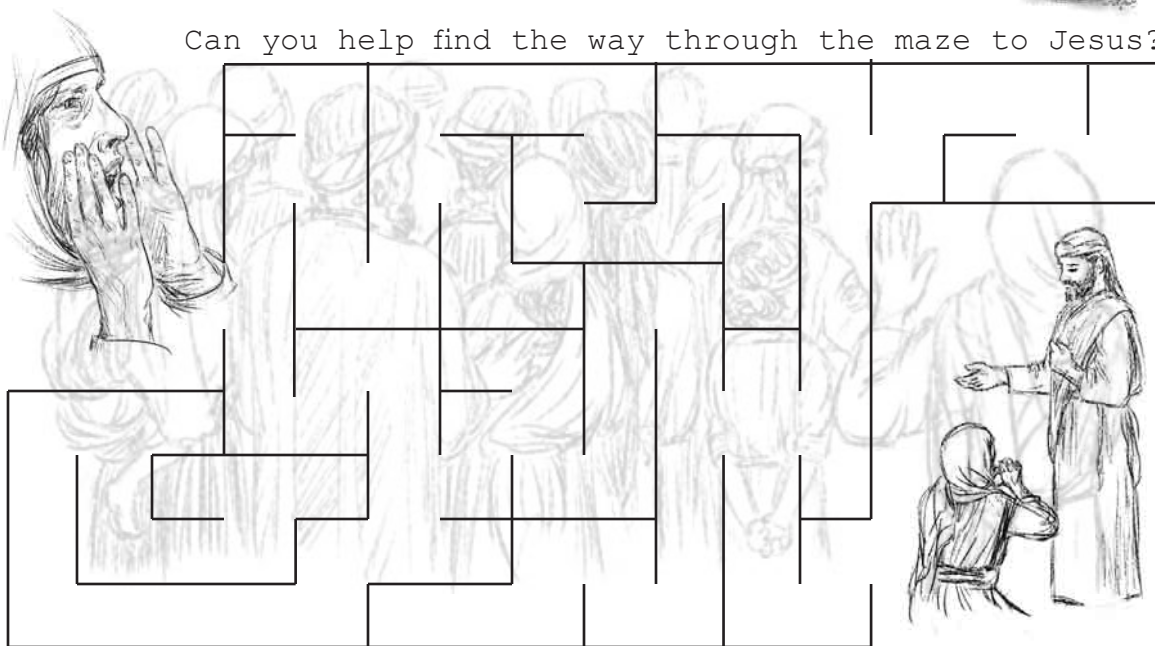
“Mama is nice. She’d give him some of my extra clothes,” Edward said.

“And that is the way Jesus is,” said Grandpa. “When she said she just wanted crumbs, she was willing to have any help He could spare to give her. Jesus answered her prayer and healed her daughter. That was pretty good crumbs, don’t you think?”

“And so when we pray for Mama, maybe we should ask for crumbs, too,” said Alice thoughtfully.

“Cookie crumbs?” asked little Sammy. “I like it when Mama gives me cookie crumbs.” Everyone laughed.

Can you help find the way through the maze to Jesus?



Annette Forgives

Annette could never forgive Lucien. He was a mean bully and had nearly been the death of her little brother, Dani. Now Dani was a cripple and Lucien was an outcast forever. Never mind that he had tried to show that he was sorry. Annette is determined to get revenge. Lucien must never be happy again, so she turns everyone against him and destroys his carving so he can't win the prize in the school contest. But as the months go by, Annette discovers that revenge doesn't bring happiness. Grandmother says she must let Jesus come in and then the hate will have to go. But how can she be friends with the despised Lucien and tell him that she broke his little horse?

Winter had come to the Alps of Switzerland. The moonlight sparkled over the blowing snow and Annette thought she'd like to go out for a walk. She left the cozy chalet with Grandmother knitting by the fire and little Dani tucked in bed early for the evening. Father was out in the barn milking and it was good to be alone. Up over the field she trudged, enjoying the stillness.

Her tracks in the snow reminded her of the dream she had had the night before. There had been a dark house locked up and still, and a stranger had come through the snow, leaving footprints all the way. He had come to the door and knocked, but no one answered. On and on he had knocked – it was Jesus, Annette was sure – but the house had been dark and silent. It had been a sad dream, for Annette knew that someone was inside, someone that didn't want him.

She was up at the little bridge now. Everything was quiet and far below Annette could hear the whisper of water in the ravine. It was the same ravine that Dani had

fallen into the summer before when he had broken his leg. Annette shivered and the old hard feelings toward Lucien nearly choked her. It was his fault that sweet little Dani could never walk again. How could Jesus ask her to forgive such a cruel boy? It was impossible.

It must have been because she wasn't paying attention, but all of a sudden her feet slipped on the freezing boards and she was on her back in the snow. The pain in her ankle took her breath away and she lay still for a moment. When she tried to rise, she found that she couldn't stand at all.

Sudden fear gripped Annette, for she knew that no one would be up this way so late in the evening. It was getting colder and she would soon freeze to death unless she could reach some shelter. Then she remembered the Berdoz cabin not far up the path. If she could manage to drag herself there, the young woodsman and his wife could take her safely home.

Slowly and painfully Annette began to crawl up the path. The soft snow numbed



her hands and knees as she dragged her swollen ankle. Her arms began to ache and tears came to her eyes. When she could stand it no longer, she rested in the snow until the cold began to creep all through her. With a struggle she got up and crawled on. She mustn't give up, for she could see the woods ahead, and finally, the cabin. With relief she saw a light in the window.

It seemed like hours before she sank onto the doorstep. Eagerly she knocked, but the house was still. No one came to the door. In fear,

Annette pulled herself up and began beating on the door and shouting. Would no friendly footsteps come to answer her? And then it dawned on her – the house was locked and empty. The light had only been left on to keep away thieves.

Annette felt panic rise inside. She tried to think. If the light was left on, maybe the Berdoz's would be back that night. But if they had gone down into the valley it might be too late. The cold had already stiffened her fingers and toes. She must rest, then maybe she could crawl home. Annette sat and looked at the wide cold snow spread out before her, covering the fields and fences like a blanket far out into the night. In all that whiteness there were no footprints but her own.



In her dream footprints had led up to a dark house, too. Now she knew what it felt like to knock at a closed door and have no one answer. She had knocked for a short time, but Annette knew that Jesus went on knocking for years and years. And suppose that Monsieur and Madame Berdoz were

inside right now and had said, "Somebody's knocking, but we don't want to answer him now"? How she would hate them for being so unkind!

Yet that was just how she was treating Jesus. And He didn't hate

her. He still went on knocking because He loved her.

Suddenly Annette lifted her head. Someone was coming. She knew well the soft whoosh of skis skimming over the ground, but in a moment they would fly past her. "Help! Stop and help me!" Annette cried.

The dark form of a boy twisted to a stop below the cabin. "What's the matter? Are you hurt?" said a startled voice, as the boy came up the slope toward her. It was Lucien. Annette was so glad to see someone, anyone at all, that she didn't care. She grabbed at his cloak to keep him from running off.

"Oh, Lucien!" she stammered. "I'm so glad you're here. I've sprained my ankle and Monsieur and Madame Berdoz are not here. Will you take me home? I'm getting so cold!"

Something You Can Do

Do you like bread? I'm sure you do if your family makes their own! Most store bread isn't very satisfying because it is not fresh and is often made with white flour, which has all the life taken out of it. Here is a simple "French-style" bread that you can make yourself in about 3 hours

---Easy Fresh Bread---

You will need:

- 1 ½ cup warm water
- 1 package yeast (about 2½ tsp.)
- 2 T. margarine or butter
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 3 cups whole wheat flour (freshly ground "hard red" wheat is best)
- 2 cups or more of white flour



1. Measure the water in a glass measuring cup. It should feel warm, but not too hot.
2. Now sprinkle the yeast on top. Leave it until it begins to bubble.
3. Melt the margarine in a pan on the stove (or in the microwave). Add the milk and heat until it is warm to your touch.
4. In a large bowl mix together the wheat flour and salt. Add the milk mixture and the water mixture and stir with a wooden spoon. The dough will be soft. Now begin mixing in the white flour. When the dough gets stiff, use your hands. Add flour until dough is not too sticky and forms a ball.
5. Wash and dry the bowl. Grease the bottom and put the dough back in. Cover with plastic and let it sit in a warm place until it doubles in size. Wash your dishes.
6. Sprinkle flour over the counter. Now scrape out the dough onto the counter and knead it – fold it and push it together over and over – for at least 5 minutes. If it is sticky, sprinkle on more flour.
7. Divide the dough into two. Form into round or long loaves and put on a greased baking sheet. Cut slashes in the top with a knife and let them sit for 30 minutes.
8. Heat the oven to 400 degrees. Bake the loaves until they are golden brown, about 20 minutes.
9. Cool on a cooling rack for 30 minutes before slicing.

Now try a slice with butter and then try a slice of store-bought bread. Can you tell the difference? Which do you think is bread that will give you real strength?

Lucien quickly took off his cloak and wrapped it around her. His gruff voice was unusually gentle when he said, “I can’t take you on the skis, but I’ll be back soon with my sled. You’ll be home in less than half an hour.”

In a moment he had disappeared down the mountain, leaving Annette bundled up on the doorstep. While she waited she had much to think about. First, when she had thought she was all alone, Jesus had sent Lucien to save her. And now that she knew what it was like to be shut outside, she knew she didn’t want to leave Jesus outside knocking any longer.



All the old excuses – the hate she didn’t want to let go, the need to confess to Lucien – these didn’t seem important anymore. She leaned against the door post and closed her eyes. “Dear Lord Jesus, I don’t want to shut you out anymore. You’ve knocked for so long and I want you to come in. Please help me not to hate Lucien any more – and if I have to tell him about smashing his horse, help me to be brave. Thank you for sending him to come and save me. Amen.”

And so the Lord Jesus, who had been waiting so long for Annette to open up her heart, came in to forgive her sins and help her become the girl she was suppose to be. No one saw it at all, except the angels that rejoiced because her name was written in heaven. “I know what will happen now,” Annette said, feeling her heart beat fast. She looked up at the starry skies and the mountain peaks rising above the dark trees and

she felt that Jesus was there to help her. It didn’t seem long at all before Lucien’s dark form appeared in the turn of the path. He was puffing when he reached her and could hardly speak.

“Climb on,” he said. “I brought the big sled so you can stretch your leg out.”

Annette took a deep breath. “Wait a moment,” she said. “I have to tell you something, Lucien. I was the one that smashed your horse the day before the school contest. I did it because I didn’t want you to get the prize, because you hurt Dani. I’m sorry.”

Annette didn’t know what to expect, but something in Lucien’s shaky laugh made her know that she had done right in breaking the old grudge. “It’s all right,” he said. “Just get on the sled.” He tucked the coat around her and soon they were whizzing down the hill, the powdery snow flying out behind.

Annette had to crawl up the steps to her front door. She managed to balance on one leg, and was about to open it, when she thought of Lucien. Opening the door to the Lord Jesus meant opening the door to love and forgiveness, and she had barred Lucien from their home long enough. He had turned away, but she called to him. “Lucien, won’t you come inside? Grandmother will be so glad to know that you have found me.”

So she opened the door as wide as it would go, and she and Lucien went in together.

- taken from “Treasures of the Snow” (highly recommended) by Patricia St. John

Gerald and Tim were friends that were the same age. For their birthdays their parents each gave them a construction set.

Gerald's set came in a huge box. It was made for boys ages five to ten and contained over 5,000 plastic bolts, nuts, and washers. It had flat plastic sheets with holes punched all around the edges, wrenches and screwdrivers, and all kinds of pipes. The pipes were threaded, just like real pipes, and came in three different shapes: straight, "L" and "T." Gerald was very pleased with his new construction set and got permission to take it to Tim's house after lunch.

Tim lived over two streets away, and his construction set was very different. It was not really a set at all. His parents had gone to the building supply store and bought bolts, nuts, washers, pipe lengths, and flat sheets of steel. There were no holes drilled in anything. They were cold to the touch and looked very strong. Tim's dad allowed him to use his workshop to drill holes to fit the bolts. He had a special little saw that could cut the metal sheets or metal pipes. He could even put threads on the ends of pipes with a special tool.

Tim was building a ladder when Gerald came to visit. So Gerald decided to build a ladder, too. Pretty soon, Gerald's ladder was built. It took a lot longer to put together Tim's ladder. There was so much


more that had to be done.

When Gerald had been over at Tim's the day before, his best baseball had gone up on the carport roof. Since Gerald's ladder was ready first, the boys tried to climb up the ladder and get the ball. It didn't work. The ladder shook and wobbled. It bent beneath their weight. Gerald and Tim were disgusted. This ladder looked good, but it wasn't good for anything.

The boys finished Tim's ladder. Now, this was a ladder! It was heavy, but sturdy. **Both** of the boys could climb on it at the same time!

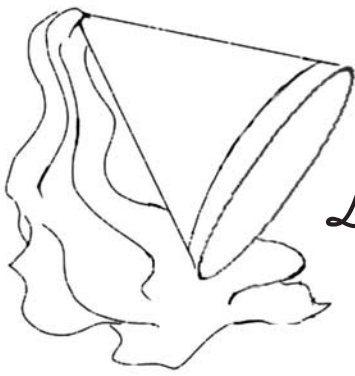
The two boys ladders were much like how they had been taught to believe. At Gerald's church, you got saved by walking to the front and shaking the preacher's hand. Then you tried to live as well as you could.

Where Tim went to church services, you got saved by really being sorry that you had wronged God and others. If you had taken something from someone, you went and made it right. You told the Lord that you were sorry as He talked to your heart, and when He forgave you, it was like you started living your life all over again. You loved everybody. You were all clean inside and knew that you were ready for heaven.



The King's
Soldier

The Real
Thing



Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Today I want to tell you a story about two girls that don't live in the King's palace at all. The King loves them very much, but they live in such misery and trouble that you would think they hadn't a friend in the world. You see, they are hiding in the Rocks of Regret where they fled when lightening hit their home in the Valley of Disobedience. Their names are Rebellious and Bitterness, and two such girls you would never want to be.

It all started back when their parents, Mr. and Mrs.

Self-Will, got into trouble with the King. King Jesus rules the lands all around the castle, but only those who live in His palaces are kept safe from the Master of Despair who prowls the countryside with his Evil Knights. So when Self-Will married little Kiss-Me and ran off to the Valley to live their own way, King Jesus knew they were headed for trouble. And sure enough, soon old Despair himself paid them a visit.

"You know you can be the happiest family if only you get rich enough," he told Mr. Self-Will. "I'll give you a house if you'll work for me." Mr. Self-Will took the offer right away because he needed work, but the job was so horrible that he soon quit. Old Despair didn't complain. He suggested that Kiss-Me was really smarter and gave her the job instead, even though they had two little girls by that time. Mr. Self-Will felt so depressed that when Despair told him of a cure for all weakness called "Mind-Poison," he agreed to try it. By the time

What is so different about "real" salvation?

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; _____." 2 Cor. 5:17

Finish this verse by finding the correct letter at the bottom of each column to put in the blank boxes (to spell out 6 words). Cross out each letter that you use. The gray areas are spaces between words.

b	t	h	c	l	d	,		a	e	e
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Bitterness was old enough to walk, her older sister, Rebellious, was left alone to watch her all day because Kiss-Me was trying the poison, too. The Self-Will family was already a wreck, but no one wanted to admit it.

After awhile Rebellious decided that it wasn't very fun to stay home, and so she ran off into the streets and played with her friends all day. Bitterness was left alone to fend for herself. Mr. Self-Will began to notice how ragged his girls were looking. "It is all Kiss-Me's fault," he said, feeling strong because of the poison. "She is such an irresponsible woman. I think I'll take the girls and move away."

So they went to live higher up the Valley, but Rebellious soon was off playing in the streets again. She didn't know that her "friends" were Evil Knights in disguise, and day by day they were building a trap around her. Messengers from the King were sent to warn her, but she just laughed them off. "Life is better away from selfish Bitterness and Daddy's strict ways," she said. "It is fun to be free!"

It was then that King Jesus sent the lightning. It was a frightful storm and Rebellious was

running toward home when a crack of thunder exploded over her head. Suddenly the house was ablaze with fire and she saw Bitterness running out, screaming. Their father had been struck down by the lightning! In panic the sisters fled to the Rocks of Regret where they hid, shivering in fear. Why hadn't they loved their father before? Would their life ever be happy again?

Princess Truth came to visit them one day, and told them how King Jesus had sent the lightning to help them see the trap they were in. "Oh, go away!" they cried. "Can't you see how miserable we are?" Truth pointed to the castle up on the hill and invited them to visit, but Bitterness shook her head. "We can survive on our own," Rebellious said, holding Bitterness close. "My sister is all I've got now, so how can I leave her?" Princess Truth finally left them after reading a Letter of pleading from the King and promising to return again.

What do you think, dear princess? Will they be persuaded to come out of those rocks someday?

With Love, Aunt Faith



Many people are like Rebellious and Bitterness, in trouble and living in darkness and unhappiness. God has made a way for them to be rescued. Do you know that way? Fill in the missing words in the scripture below and then find them in the word box. What do you see?

God raised up Jesus "to be a Prince and a Saviour,
for to give _____ to Israel,
and _____."

Acts 5:31

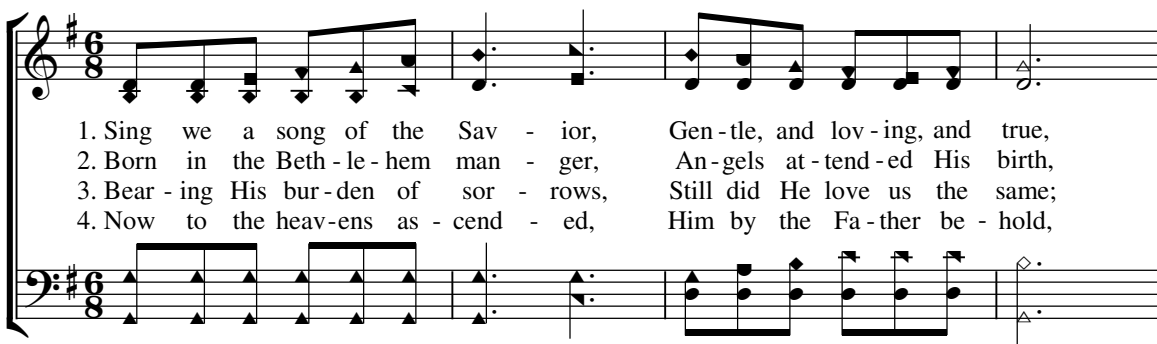
WILJLDSKROEWNLEKL
SIINWEOEMWEOQPXEI
MBXOUPWOPYTMENIOXC
FORGIVENESSOFINSB
SDOWNCNBNWQYIUDHKL
MCXHUEWSTWOISHGXNA
WNEBASGOAMIOWENPOW
MXHZUWJDNUWBMCIOEE
PIOJSNESWOWI JNSCXO
QPWIOESKEIOEDSMNKL

Song of the Savior

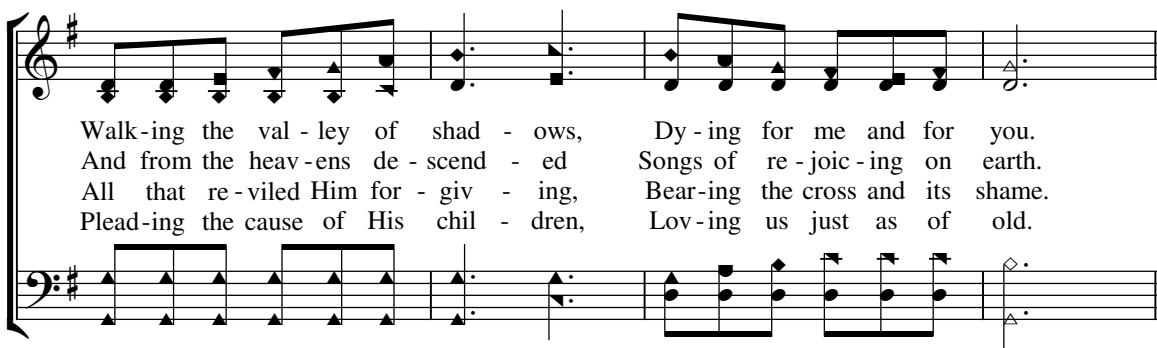
Sanford F. Bennett

(1 John 4:14)

Charles H. Gabriel

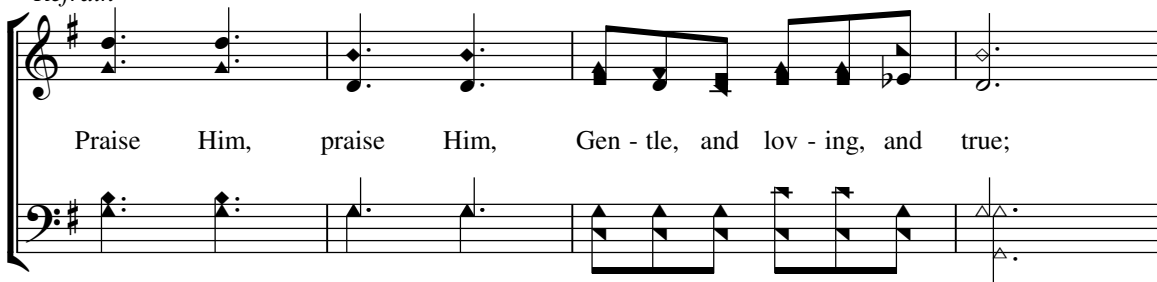


1. Sing we a song of the Sav - ior, Gen - tle, and lov - ing, and true,
2. Born in the Beth - le - hem man - ger, An - gels at - tend - ed His birth,
3. Bear - ing His bur - den of sor - rows, Still did He love us the same;
4. Now to the heav - ens as - cend - ed, Him by the Fa - ther be - hold,

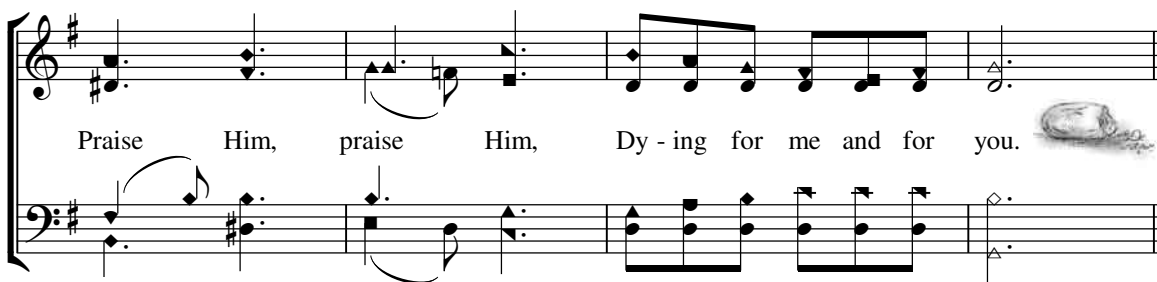


Walk - ing the val - ley of shad - ows, Dy - ing for me and for you.
And from the heav - ens de - scend - ed Songs of re - joic - ing on earth.
All that re - viled Him for - giv - ing, Bear - ing the cross and its shame.
Plead - ing the cause of His chil - dren, Lov - ing us just as of old.

Refrain



Praise Him, praise Him, Gen - tle, and lov - ing, and true;



Praise Him, praise Him, Dy - ing for me and for you.

Dear Reader,

Are you investing in heavenly treasure? We pray that this issue will challenge you to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Surely He is worthy of our full trust and allegiance!

We would be glad to hear from any of you. We welcome questions, and would be very happy to learn how the Lord has been helping you.

For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Back issues and other literature are available at timelesstruths.org.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (25), Kara (21), and Amanda (13). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Amanda, with help (guidance, proofreading, and contributions) from others.

The paper is freely sent to those that request it. You will be kept on our mailing list unless you request otherwise. If the Lord leads you to send anything, please note that since we are not a business we cannot cash checks made out to *Treasures of the Kingdom*.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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Number 39

April 2006

<i>At the Palace Gates</i>	1
- The Playhouse Problem	
<i>A View from the Tower</i>	2
- Resist Not Evil	
<i>In the King's Garden</i>	4
- Dew on the Grass	
<i>Gems for Your Treasure Chest</i>	5
poem, recipe, verse	
<i>Tales of Truth</i>	6
- Asking For Crumbs	

Steps
Higher

Annette Forgives
Easy Fresh Bread

center
section

<i>The King's Soldier</i>	8
- The Real Thing	
<i>Little Princess</i>	9
- Rebellious and Bitterness	
<i>Sing unto the Lord</i>	11
- Song of the Savior	

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*How many clusters of crumbs can you find?
There should be 88, including this one:*



SEND TO: